PART THE SECOND.

() / CHAPTER L

WHETHER TO DIE OR LIVE! Since novel writing began, was there ever a story which, having been ended honestly and in good faith, all things being wound up, should of its own persistency start off again! I had written "The End;" I truly believed that the last of the story had been told; yet here I sit this sunny August morning, pen in hand, and my mind full of the

most ext: Nordinary sequel.

Why should I not give you an odd examplef Suppose, strolling one summer day in Hampton churchyard, you read on a tomb-Hampton churchyard, you read on a temb-stone, "Here lie the mortal remains of Dr. John Book, who lived in the parish, boy and man, for a matter of sixty-five years, more or less. Presently (after delivering yourself of a sigh for suld acquaintance) you walk down the street. There, sauntering along the shady side in a new coat and hat, you meet your humble servant. That would be a fine surprise, I take it. Now here, you observe, is the novel of Tumbledown Farm, which expired July 31, 1884, and was buried, tombstoned and forgotten; and behold Tumbledown Farm on foot again, trudging down the long lane of life, that seems to have many a turning, but never an end.

But how shall I tell the remainder of the

story! Shall I tell it in the order of its occurrence to myself! or shall I throw the narrative into the order of time, leaving you to guess how and when each bit came to my knowledge? I shall tell it in the order of time, and not trouble myself or you with explanations, which an, one who thinks for an instant can supply for himself; while those who don't think, you observe, will never raise the question.

Just one word in your ear. The first part of this story, I told you, was written by me, assisted by miss. Now, if the whole truth assisted by miss. Scow, if the whole fruth were told, this second part ought to be headed, "Written by miss, assisted by me;" for most of the facts following reached me through my young lady, and are related in through my young lady, and are related in her own pretty language. If you could but see the free flowing handwriting of some leaves, and the crooked, crabbed pothooks and hangers of other leaves, you would feel no surprise when one paragraph reads like old Dr. Book's parlor and the other like Miss Millicent Hervey's drawing room. Have I

said enough!
Vanity had been dangerously wounded. The ball flad entered her side, and the doctors had great trouble in extracting it. The patient suffered much; and from weakness she dropped into fever, and lay flushed and moaning and wandering in her mind right on to the time of the falling of the leaves. The physicians said she would die, in all probability; but she rallied, and with a weary heartsick look upon her face, turned, as it were, up the toilsome road leading back from still death to the life that now is

A lady was nursing in the hospital who was what I used to call a nun—only I believe now the saying is "sister," in consequence of belonging to our church, and not to the Papists. She was, in point of fact, a Puseyite. This lady I did not like, being If a member of the Protestant religion, and not caring for new-fangled ways dur-ing the matter of, let us say, five or ten years which I have to live. Whether the Popish gown and bonnet made the face brighter by contrast or not, I can't say; but, without a doubt, the lady was pleasant to see, providing, you observe, that you looked at her and not at what she wore. I never saw that woman out of temper. I never saw her in a hurry. Never saw her without a fine, healthy, hearty smile, as if, to put it in my way, she had eaten a good breakfast, and was ready for the day's work. And they do te!l me that sometimes when there was a bad case, or one of great suffering, her goodness was uncommon, and that the very touch of her hand on a throbbing forehead seemed to cool it. The prayers she would say were wonderful: enough to make one think that all parties might find themselves right when they got right up to the doors of the good

maintain the Protestant religion. This lady, then, was at the hospital when Miss Vanity was brought in, and she heard all the awful story; and really she seemed to be drawn to the young woman by what she was told. The doctors had their own notions about Vanity, which is little wonder; and remarked upon her beauty; and gave each other the whisper; and were tolerably sure that she was a knowing one. Somehow this lady, Sister Catherine, never took that view of things, but treated the sick girl like a r; never let fall a hint that she wa not as good as berself. Anyhow, she found

For all that, we must be careful to



Sister Catherine nurses Vanity. Poor Vanity Hardware! Wounded in body and atterly broken is spirits, she clung to her new friend like a child, and told her all the story of her life. How her mother had been good and true through all her sufferings until her death. How, when dying, she had called Vanity to her side, and put a little faded white flower into the child's

hand; saying:
"There, darling, I lai! that flower on your little breast the day you were baptized. Then the flower was as fresh and sweet as your bosom was white and pure. Keep that flower year after year, my child. Never do

anything to soil it-Which I never did," Vanity said, bursting into tears at this place. "Never-it is true-though I was often tempted, and on the edge of what was bad, many, many times. I never forget mother's dying

"For which," the good lady said, "thank

the blessed Lovd!"
"My girl," the sister said, after a very long silence, "you have a new life before

"No," Vanity answered, with a firmness in her beautiful eyes that amazed the lady, "you mistake me. I shall never be good."

"Hush," the other rejoined, in a whisper meant to soothe and reprove in the same

"Never," Vanity repeated. "Good people are not my sort. I always think of Amina-dab Sleek." "Who was Aminadab Sleek?"

"Oh, an old hypocrite—in a play. I acted in it once. But your mother, my girl. She was

And at this word Vanity Hardware turned her face upon the pillow and burst out cry-ing. For all the world like a broken heart! Cough Cure.

But Sister Catherine was not the to give Vanity up. For one thing the girl's loveliness attracted her. Nun or no nun, I

loveliness attracted her. Num or no num, I never yel saw the woman who had not an instinctive drawing toward a beautiful face; notwithstanding which fact, if the beautiful face should subsequently come into rivalry with their own, these admiring ladies can then express another opinion. And quite right, too. But Sister Catherine, attracted by Vanity's loots, nutring her sorrow, and sustained most of all by her own resolute will, determined that this girl should have one more chance in life, and that a good one. I am no story-spinner, so, passing over the means by which the sister brought about what follows, I pass straight from September to October, and from the bospital ward to the dark lawn of Tettury Park, Gloucestershire. The fact is, Sister Catherine had a niece, a married lady, who lived about four-teen miles away in this handsome country house. This niece was rich, and of the same persuasion as the aunt—that is, she was a persuasion as the aunt—that is, she was a Pusevite, but, I understand, was a charitable lady in spite of it, and did many good

This niece was not a nun nor at all nunnish in her ways; but fond of life and fashion, only with this leaning to Puseyism which I have just mentioned. Now to this young lady the sister dispatched Vanity Hardware, with a letter of introduction, and the time was just about 6:30 on a rainy October evening when poor Vanity, with trem-bling steps and beating heart, stole up the avenue toward the fine house to which she

nad been directed. Necessity has no law. Had retreat been Necessity has no law. Had retreat been possible, or, more probably, had there been any place to which she could have fled, or had her purse not been empty. Vanity would never have knocked at that door. Ferhaps shrewd Sister Calherine foresaw all that. And so it came to pass that poor Vanity, under compulsion but irresolute, still stood leaning upon the iron fence which ran round the lawn. She gazed into the handsome drawing-room, which was so brilliantly lighted that her quick eyes could see all that went on.

went on.

This might have been what quality call the children's hour. Two mites were playing about the room, dressed to perfection, and Vanity noticed that a third small girl, with a white face and long dark hair, was lying on a lady's lap, watching the other children with a tired expression. The mother was a handsome lady, richly dressed. She had what we call a high complexion, and a sort of look which signified that if, in the course of conversation, she were to say, "A thing is so and so," and you were to reply, "Begging your pardon, madam, but the thing is not so and so," the conversation would not end at that point. Do I take you with met. Fir all that point. Do I take you with met For all that, the lady caresaid the weary child, with a kind hand, and tried to make the little creature smile at the gambols of the others. So Vanity called this lady mamma at once, and, attracted by the bright pictures of the drawing-room, the actress cased on with observing eyes.

pictures of the drawing-room, the actress gazed on with observing eyes.

A gentleman sat in an easy-chair reading the newspaper, and not taking notice of anybody. From the familiar way the two liftle children ran about him, Vanity judged him to be the father of the family. His face she could not see. Next she remarked that on a settee there was posted an elderly lady, very stout, very stiff, very dogmatic in her demeaner. She seemed to look around and say this.

"I have settled all matters that have comup heretofore, and settled 'em right; and en, besides, prepared for all that's

Now, Vanity Hardware had eyes like a ynx or a hawk, and the light of the room, as I have said, was brilliant; so she saw how this old lady watched with shrewd and de signing face a bit of byplay which was going

on at the piano.

Beside the piano stood a well-fashioned, ruddy young man, who had evidently just dropped into the drawing-room as he disnounted from his horse, for he held his whip n his hand, and his dress was splashed with nud. A young lady was sitting at the instrument, looking up with laughter into his face. This young lady was not handsome, andsome does.

Something in this bit of the scene cause! Vanity to forget herself for a moment. She watched curiously, and thought she could make out the whole story of that bright drawing-room, though perhaps she added some notes later on, when she knew the facts directly. She judged the young horseman to be an easy, good-natured sort of fellow, who would in all probability play the game of follow my leader in life, more especially if "my leader" should happen to be a sharp young lady, who, not having many chances, was determined to make the most of one. It appeared, also, that the young lady above described was angling for the young lorse-man cleverly, he for his part keeping his mouth pretty wide open, so that she could throw the hook in clean. Further, Vanity concluded that the erect, dogmatic old lady on the settee was the mother of the young lady. and trainer, backer, and so forth in the present contest. Next came what, in the high language of the books, might be called a curious phenomenon. The mistress of the house, the handsome, dressy, high-com-plexioned lady, darted glances at the group, which plainly said: "You, my handsome young horseman, are a great simpleton; you, artful girl, are a forward minx; you, my domineering dame, are an unscrupulous old woman. I don't want this marriage to take place. I hate the thought of it; yet here, in my drawing-room, under my ces, this game is being played; and I mus now no vexa-tion, because it would be bad nanners. All I can do is to tattoo on this capet, and bear your triumphant glances as best I may." Little Vanity Hardware dreamed that in this brilliant drawing-room she saw enacted

the prologue to her own future life. Little handsome borseman, angry mistress, flirting girl and a domineering dame dreamed how, out in the cold Occober mist, a watcher stood who was afterward to step into the midst of their schemes and hopes and fears, intrepid and resistless.

Vanity had forgotten herself. The con-trast of the dark, cold October air threw warmth and brightness upon the drawingroom, and she might have gazed on for ar nour; but all at once the wind broke into a moan, and the mist became driving rain, which came down in a drenching shower. Vanity hurried to the front door and rang the bell.

A spruce maid answered. After some hesitation the answer was given that, "O yes, missis probably would see the young

Next moment handsome "missis" came out with quick step and sharp, imperative voice. She eyed poor Vanity with no great favor, and, before the girl could speak, the lady, divining her errand, cried out:

"Really, I cannot be troubled! Anne"-addressing the maid—"how often must I repeat that persons calling in this way are to send in a message, saying what their busi-ness is! You have made this hall so cold that one shivers. Do not keep the door open a moment longer.

Pretty plain hint that Miss Vanity must march. In other days the haughty confident actress might have replied with some sting-ing word; but now, broken and sickly and hopeless, she meekly turned to leave when.

O, my Head!

en the seat. As she did so the light of the

anip fell on her face; and the voulevel beauty of the face, its pallor, its
seep sadness, arrested the sharp lady.

"You look very pale," she said, coming
back, and speating still in the same sharp
voice. "Are you fil?"

Vanity looked up. Something in the
lady's face encouraged her, although the
tones were harsh. But when she tried tospeak her lips would not obey her, and the
only sound she uttered was a sob.

Immediately the lady flew of to the
drawing-room, and Vanity heard her any.

"Augustus! Augustus! there is a poor
girl outside. She looks so this, and so
pretty—and so cold. Do go and he her."

"Maud," an indolent voice replied, "what
have I to do with such people! It you listen
to their tales, you may as well commence have I to do with such people! It a to their tales, you may as well or

relieving officer at once. "Quite right, Augustus," cried a voice, which Vanity felt must be the voice of Dame Domineer, "quite right. Providence

would not approve of your housing every vagrant that comes to your door,"

"Really, Augustus," the lady retorted,
"how self-indulgent you are, here in this warm room! And that poor creature out-

"Maud!" called out Dame Domineer, "you "Mand?" called out Dame Domineer, "you were always self-willed, ever since you were four years old."

"Well, well, well," Augustus rejoined in a good-natured ton. "this comes of being married to a wife. I suppose I may as well go at once. You are the most restless—"

"Now, Augustus," the lady cried, "do

go!"
"Augustus," cried the dame, "don't go.
Mand, I am astonished!"
The next instant the gentleman was standing beside Vanity.
"What is your business, my girl!"
He asked this question with a curious air of mingled condescension, authority and kindness.

Vanity took courage. It seemed easier, after all, to deal with a man.
"I come with a letter from Sister Cather-

"Indeed!" the gentleman said; but in that brief space he, too, passed under the spell of her face and voice. "Let me see, will youwon't you—had you not better come in to—to the drawing-room?".

Dame Domineer must have crept to the door to listen; for in whispered accents that were ludicrously audible, she was heard to exclaim:

"Mand, come here: Augustus is actually sking ber in!"

Augustus looked naturally uncomfortable; but Vanity, with an ease which the gentle-man did not fail to admire, affected to have eard nothing. "I am not fit for the drawing room," she

"My library, then," he said. "Follow me." TO RE CONTINUED.

OBITUARY.

John Icc, born near Circleville, Pique county, O., January Sh, 1832; died of pulmonary consumption Sep ember 29th, 1833, agred 33 years, 5 months and 21 days. Was married to Miss: Harriett E. Owens Sept. 2d, 1860, and unto these papents were, born seven children, six are still living to mourn the loss of a loved father. When organized treason hurled defining at the government and the call for its preservation was made by arms he was among the willing ones to respond; he entered the service for the ones to respond; he entered the service for the preservation of the great uion, and was a member of the 169th Ohlo National Guards. It was not his fate to fall on the reli field of battle, neither when the wild wail of defeat was hear I or the thrilling cry victory was born along the line he survived it all and in the calm retirement of a pleasant and peace-ful home surrounded by friends who knew and loved him, he peacefully b eathed his last. Ara soldier and citizen, he was beloved by all who knew him. Religiously, he was not a member of an church, but believing in an all wise and just creator elieving that love would do more to save believing that love would do more to save mankind than fear. He died as he lived, fearing naught in the feture. He tri 1 to have all cherrial around him, and always had a kind word for his children. A father's welcome was always gives. It was indeed hard to part with one that was so kind, but the family and home have been excited and broken but may be rebuilt in heaven. Calmly and quietly the sun of his life went down, and with him the battle of life is over; to him has come the eternal Sabbath. of life is over; to him has come the eternal Sabbath. His feneral took place at the M. E. Church at Florida, Ohio, the Rev. Barren officiating. His

thizing friends and neighbors to the cemetery, two niles north-east of Florida. Darkly now the shadows gather Round my hearf and in my home, For our kind and loving father Sleeps within the cold, cold tomb. J. W.

hedy was conveyed by a large concourse of sympa-

Jacob B. Lose was born in Stark county, Obio. December 26th, 1818, and was killed at Ft. Wayne, Ind. As near as we can learn the facts he was struck in the head by a railroad I ocomotive on Sept. 8th, 1885, aged 36 years, 9 months and 2 days. Mr. Lose was a blacksmith by trade, and a No. one nic chanic, but for several years past he was afflicted with rheumatism so much that he was compelled to quit his trade, and since that time he was not able to do work of any kind and was spending his time with his parents at Florida and with his brothers and sisters at different places. When the telegram reached these parents stating that their son was killed, it was indeed a crashing blow and could hardly endure it, and just in the full vigor of young manhood amid the happy scenes of life, surrounded by many loving friends, he was so suddenly called from among us. How true the saying, "in the midst of life we are in death." How soon their cup of joy was to be turned to the deepest earthly sorrow. The funeral tool place at the United Brethren Church in Florida, Rev. Ii. S. McNutt officiating. His body was laid away to rest in the cemetery south east of Napoleon. to await the resurrection morn. The large campany of neighbors and friends who attended the funeral attested the high esteem in which he was held. He leaves father, mother, brothers and sisters and many other relatives and friends to mourn, and trust that He who ruleth all things will in his infinite goodness bind up all their broken hearts in this dark hour of affliction and bereavement and help to how n sabmission to His will, and that they may repolyedally such grace as will enable them to live with that sesurance that they all may meet again in

the sweet by and by.

Our loving brother passed away.

How much we miss him now: His sin went down when yet twins day, To Christ we humbly bow.

Floyd Stout, infant sen of 'S orge W.i ond Cors Stout, was born March 1215, 1885, died of cholers tnieutum Sept. 28th, 1885, age 1 6 months and 17 mays. This is the first little flower plucked from this family of children, and canned the parents to mourn. But 'ere these little feet had learned the ways of sin the messenger of death called him away. It is only another bud taken from earth to bloom is aradise and beckon its parents apward.

In a little grave we laid him, Wee hande hold sweet white flowers;
Sweeter far than all around him
Was this baby boy of ours.

O, my Head:

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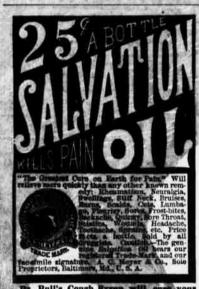
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PLANING MILL

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprieters. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to turnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casing, Sidings, Shingles, Floorings, Finished Lumaber, Rough Lumber,

and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, wahut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber bought and sold. jan 1 78-tf THIESEN, HILDRED & CO.

F. F. SHONER

DEALER IN Saddles, Harness BRIDLES,

Halters, Whips, Etc.

REPAIRING DONE on shortnotice. We are selling our stock chesp, and invite a call from all needing anything in our line, Allwork warranted to give satisfaction.

Shop on Perrystreet, Next Door to Cary's New Block.

NEW ROOM!

New Goods.

Entirely New! Groceries, Provisions,

Queens & Glassware, and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery.

We intend to keep constantly on hand a full stock of goods in our line, and invite a share of the public yatronage.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

Brick and Tile! We also manufacture a superior quality of brick and tile, which are sold at the lowest prices. Parties ntending building or sliching abould give us a call-examine our stock and get prices.

MEYERHOLTZ & BRO.

Confectionery and Bakery Consumption Cured. d physician, relied from pract GEO. F. CURDES Confectioner & Baker Would respectfully and attention to his appearance

Ice Cream, made from Pure Cream.

Sold by the dish, quartor quantity. Fresh Confec-tionery, Broad, Cakes etc., at ways on hand. Lunch served up on short notice and reasonable price.